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THE ROUTE OF JEDEDIAH S. SMITH IN 1826 FROM THE GREAT SALT LAKE TO THE COLORADO RIVER

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The route of the intrepid explorer, Jedediah S. Smith from Salt Lake to the Colorado River in 1826 has been the subject of considerable controversy. The theory of his route last proposed by Dr. C. Hart Merriam² (Calif. Hist. Quarterly, Vol. II, No. 3, Oct., 1923, p. 228) which takes him from the upper Sevier River westward over a range of mountains, across the Escalante Desert and down the Meadow Valley Wash to its junction with the Virgin River, leaves several open questions unanswered and projects several conditions which do not fit those stated by Smith. There is here proposed a modification of the older theory that his route lay along the Virgin River which appears to fulfill all of the conditions stated by Smith in his letter to General Clark.

¹The writer, having been reared in the Dixie region along the Virgin River, having served for several years in the National Forest Service on the Dixie National Forest lying to the north of the Dixie country between it and the Escalante Desert, and having acted as Park Naturalist in Zion National Park for several seasons, has had unusual opportunity to study Smith's probable route through intimate personal knowledge of the entire region involved and by comparison of every alternative possibility. He first announced this theory in June, 1926, in his lectures in Zion National Park.

²F. S. Dellenbaugh, in a private letter of Jan. 22, 1930, states, "I find that Dr. C. Hart Merriam has arrived at the same conclusion I reached and has stated his views in the Quarterly of the California Historical Society, Oct., 1923, Vol. II, No. 3, p. 228. * * * I had arrived at my deduction even before 1923, but I did not publish it. * * * Smith did not get any nearer to Zion Park than Cedar City if that near."

Among the older theories of Smith's route via the Virgin River, there is a diversity of opinion regarding his course in reaching that river. Farish, in his *History of Arizona* (p. 98) says of Smith, "Captain Jedediah S. Smith was the first white man to enter Arizona from the north. In August, 1826, he started from Salt Lake, passed south by Utah Lake, and keeping down the west side of the Wasatch and the High Plateaus, reached the Virgin River in Arizona, near the southwestern corner of Utah. This, he called in honor of the President of the United States, 'Adams River.' Following it southwest through the Pai Ute country, in twelve days he came to its junction with the Colorado."

Others have suggested that he went up the Sevier nearly to Panguitch, then crossed the mountain range on the west and followed its base around through the region where Parowan and Cedar City are located, reaching the Virgin by way of Ash Creek. It is evidently upon the basis of correcting inconsistencies in this theory that Merriam has traced him on across the Escalante Desert to the Meadow Valley Wash.

Still others take Smith up the Sevier to its head and down the Virgin from there without attempting to show anything more than his general route. Hanna, in *Touring Topics* (Sept., 1926) gives a map showing his course up one river and down the other, which agrees with my theory except as to details. Anyone acquainted with the course of the Virgin River would readily recognize the impossibility of following the river itself all the way and the necessity of detouring in several places.*

Smith and his partners, Jackson and Sublette, had been in the fur business in the mountainous regions of the north with headquarters on Bear Lake on the present line between Utah and Idaho, but they knew practically nothing of the region to the south and west. Looking for opportunity to extend their traffic, Smith set out with a party of 15 men for the purpose (to use Smith's words) "of exploring the country S. W. which was en-

*[Mr. John C. Neihardt, in *The Splendid Wayfaring*, which is the story of the exploits and adventures of Jedediah S. Smith and his comrades, publishes a map showing Smith's route up the Sevier to its headwaters and thence down the Rio Virgin along the stream course; but it is obvious the author was not familiar with the topography. "From the headwaters of the Sevier," writes Neihardt, "the explorers crossed the divide southward and, near the end of September, reached the headwaters of the Rio Virgin, ('of a muddy cast and a little brackish'), which Smith called 'Adams' River in compliment to our President." With mountains to their left and a sandy waste, broken by occasional rocky hills, on their right, they descended the Virgin through a country where even jackrabbits were scarce." That last sentence, paraphrased from Smith, approximately describes the topography in the vicinity of Toquerville, as if Smith had descended Ash Creek. J. C. A.]

tirely unknown to me, and of which I could collect no satisfactory information from the Indians who inhabit this country on its N. E. borders."

He states, "My general course on leaving the Salt Lake was South-W. & West—" evidently referring to his general direction of the trip and not to his immediate direction which was almost due south nor to the small sinuosities of the course. He goes on, "—passing the little Uta Lake, and ascending Ashleys River which" (he erroneously assumed) "empties into the little Uta Lake. * * * On Ashleys River, I found a Nation of Indians who called themselves Sampatch. They were friendly disposed toward us." Thus far everything appears to be definite. His Ashleys River is undoubtedly that portion of the Sevier River that runs northward and his Sampatch Indians refer without question to those variously designated as San Pitch, Sanpeet, or Sanpete.

He further states: "I passed over a range of mountains running S. E. & N. W. and struck a river running S. W. which I called Adams' River in compliment to our president." Assuming that he meant what he said, "ascending Ashleys River," he would reach its head at the divide between the Sevier and the Virgin Rivers on the present road between Panguitch and Orderville, and his route would approximately coincide with that of the present road between those two points. This is the crucial point in the entire controversy. This route would approximately fulfill the conditions stated by Smith. The mountains here at the divide, although not running exactly S. E. and N. W., approach it about as closely as any of the cardinal directions. Furthermore, he immediately reached a river whose general course is southwest.

I can find no evidence to indicate that Smith had the Pacific Coast as a definite objective when he started. In all probability, that followed his arrival on a river that flowed away from the Great Basin. At any rate, Smith's excuse for entering California given to the Mexican Governor at San Diego, that he had penetrated the desert so far that it was necessary for him to push on to California to get supplies, seems to have been convincing not only to the Governor but also some of his compatriots, ship captains and others who signed the affidavit in his favor. I can find nothing to indicate that this explanation was developed merely for the purpose of extricating himself from a bad situation. (See Dale, p. 212.)

Dr. Merriam's theory seems to imply a definite objective toward the Pacific Coast. Just why he should forsake the objec-

tives of the expedition (fur traffic possibilities) and leave the broad open valley of the upper Sevier with its natural route and its good trapping opportunities and take out to the west over a rough mountain range and a vast expanse of desert beyond as though he had a definite objective in view is not just clear.* Furthermore, this mountain range runs east of north and west of south which is decidedly contrary to Smith's description of S. E. & N. W.

On such a route, it would take Smith approximately 5 days of travel before he could reach the Meadow Valley Wash which Dr. Merriam identifies as the Adams' River. Smith would hardly say "Passing down this river some distance * * * here (about 10 days march down it) the river turns to the Southeast" if he had spent half that time in crossing a desert to reach that river and the other half in following the river.

The course of the Meadow Valley Wash in general is almost due south although the sinuosities vary from southwest to southeast. This direction, of course, does not fit that given by Smith for the Adams' River which he described as southwest. The Virgin, in fact, is the only river in the region that does fit that description. Smith's statement that "the water is of a muddy cast, and is a little brackish" is of but little significance as the statement might apply equally well to the waters of either stream. Even the character of the stream itself is against Merriam's theory. The stream of the Meadow Valley Wash is much smaller than the Virgin. During a part of its course, it is merely a dry wash wending its way through a barren desert. It is hardly likely that Smith would have dignified it by the term river.

A large part of the Merriam argument is based upon Smith's statement that the river (about 10 days' march down it) turns to the southeast. He identifies the southeast portion with the Muddy River, but Smith makes it clear that the portion below the junction of the Muddy and Virgin is the part to which he referred as running southeast. Evidently he was mistaken for this part of the river actually runs almost due south. He says, "I followed Adams' River 2 days further, to where it empties, into the Seeds Keeden, a southeast course," Seeds Keeden evidently referring to the Colorado River. This is corroborated by Gallatin's map to which Smith seems to have contributed. He shows the Adams' River in the approximate position of the Virgin and that part of the river from the bend to the Colorado as

*The old Spanish Trail, possibly then in use, turned west at this point emerging at the present town of Paragonah—J. C. A.

actually bending to the southeast. This is further corroborated by Smith's statement that the salt cave which he visited was on the southwest side of the river (which he erroneously assumed to run southeast).



PART OF ALBERT GALLATIN'S MAP OF 1836, SHOWING JEDEDIAH S. SMITH'S ROUTES OF 1826 AND 1827, AND ESPECIALLY ADAM'S RIVER, NAMED BY SMITH, AND NOW KNOWN AS THE VIRGIN

The Virgin River as thus outlined is somewhat longer than the Meadow Valley Wash and would as thus delimited take just about 10 days for Smith to march down it to the bend. It also fulfills another condition given by Smith. He states that "the country is mountainous to the East—towards the West, there are Sandy Plains, and detached Rocky Hills." Leaving the headwaters and coming down the Virgin River west away from the mountains there are many sandy plains and detached rocky hills which fit the conditions equally as well as the Meadow Valley Wash.

Smith states, "Passing down the river some distance, I fell in with a Nation of Indians, who call themselves Pa Ulches.

These Indians, as well as those last mentioned, wear rabbit skin robes—who raise some little Corn and Pumpkins.” It is entirely possible that these Indians may have been located on the Meadow Valley Wash and the Muddy River as Merriam attempts to show. In view of the evidence for such location, let me point out that it would be entirely feasible for Smith to fall in with them in the lower end of the Muddy Valley, even if he had come down the Virgin. It is entirely possible, however, as well as probable, that he may have referred to Indians in the Dixie country farther up stream. The wording of his statement indicates that Smith probably encountered them before reaching the bend of the river. Fifty years prior to this time Escalante found what he termed the Parussis Indians in the vicinity of Toquerville and La Verkin raising corn and calabashes (Bolton, Escalante in Dixie and the Arizona Strip, New Mex. Hist. Rev., Vol III, No. 1, Jan., 1928, p. 52, 53).

Certain other auxiliary evidences should perhaps be mentioned, not because they are of themselves of primary importance, but because they tend to corroborate the Virgin River theory and help to eliminate contradictory items. Smith states, “the country is nearly destitute of game of any description except a few Hares,” and further on, “There are here also, a number of shrubs & small trees with which I was not acquainted previous to my route there.” Also, “I have found a kind of plant of the Prickly Pear kind, which I called the Cabbage Pear,” evidently referring to the barrel cactus.

In these passages, he is in all probability, referring to the region above the bend of the river where (about 10 days’ march down it) he thought it turned to the southeast. In this region, he had entered for the first time on his trip the Lower Sonoran Life Zone (which he would also have encountered on the Meadow Valley Wash) where such plants as the Creosote Bush (*Covillea tridentata*), the Wash Willow (*Chilopsis linearis*), Joshua tree (*Clistoyucca arborescens*), Mesquite Bush, and the Barrel Cactus (*Ferrocactus lecontei*) commonly occur and which he could scarcely help seeing. In all probability large game would have been scarce in that region at that time of year. However, the great changes in the faunal communities of the region since that time due to the introduction of domestic stock (sheep, cattle and horses) make it almost impossible to recast the original conditions.

The fact that Smith did not mention the forks of the river where the Muddy joins it needs no explanation. His letter is a very brief resume of his trip and it is not surprising that he left out many details. He did not mention the forks of the Sevier

River which he must have seen, nor did he mention the other forks of the Virgin River.

Unexpected circumstantial corroboration comes from another source. Wolfskill and Yount in the fall of 1830, apparently inspired by Smith's influence, attempted to follow Smith's route from the Sevier River to the Colorado. Yount was in the mountains with Smith for several months. Camp (Chronicles of George C. Yount, Calif. Hist. Soc. Quart., Vol. II, No. 1. Apr., 1923, p. 36) says, "Smith's stories inflamed in Yount the desire to visit the Coast." Barrows (in Camp, p. 37) states with reference to this trip, "entering the Great American Basin, striking the Sevier; thence southward to the Rio Virgin, which they followed down to the Colorado."

Yount's reminiscent description of the trip according to the Clark manuscript (in Camp, p. 39) is not quite so definite but has some significant points of interest. The party "reached a strip of table land, upon a lofty range of mountains, where they encountered the most terrible snowstorm they had ever experienced." They were evidently somewhere in the mountainous region of the upper Sevier.

After a few days of terrible hardships, they made their way "down the steep declivities & into the vallies which lie beneath them. After a few days march, they were ushered into another of those enchanting vallies. There the earth was bare of snow & the evergreens waved in gentleness and calm serenity. * * * The soil is red sandstone & therefore the waters of the River are almost like blood.—Within twenty-five miles of its mouth some Indians brought them salt." The red sandstone description almost certainly limits the "enchanting vally" to the Dixie region along the Virgin River.

Thus, the Barrows and Clark manuscripts both agree in placing the route of Wolfskill and Yount along the Virgin, the course evidently having been originally determined by Smith's influence.

There remains yet the problem of pointing out Smith's probable course along the Virgin River and showing its feasibility. Anyone who has traveled much in the mountains will understand the explorer's propensity and aptitude for seeking out and following the natural routes of the region. We have good evidence to indicate that Smith was no exception to the rule.

Coming up the Sevier River, Smith would have an open valley with a good easy grade leading up to the divide at its head. The opposite side of the divide leads directly down into the head of the East fork of the Virgin. This is a passable canyon which

opens out here and there into meadows and lower down widens out sufficiently for fields and small villages and towns (Glendale, Orderville and Mt. Carmel). In Smith's day these townsites were undoubtedly covered with meadows.

So far, the route is natural and feasible. Below Mt. Carmel some fifteen or twenty miles, the canyon, gradually narrowing and deepening, enters the tremendous gorge known as Parunu-weap Canyon which is clearly impassable. There is, however, just above the gorge, a natural route by which Smith could have climbed out of the canyon to the south and reached those sandy plains which lead around to the river some 20 to 30 miles further west. By following such a route, Smith would have missed that dissected region which Dr. Merriam evidently had in mind when he spoke of Smith not entering the "region of the formidable cliffs and canyons of the Markagunt Plateau," evidently referring to the Zion Canyon region. In all probability, Smith did not see the Zion Canyon. It would be hidden from view on the route outlined.

It is at the point where he likely returned to the river, probably in the vicinity of Hurricane, that his description, "the country is mountainous to the East—towards the West there are detached Rocky Hills," applies with particular significance. To the eastward stand the gorgeous cliffs and canyons of the Zion region, while to the west the country drops off into detached low lying foothills and sandy plains.

Proceeding down the river, Smith would have little difficulty in following it on through the Dixie country, but arriving at its lower end where the river enters another deep narrow canyon as it passes through the Virgin Mountains, he would undoubtedly have to detour to get over this low range, probably turning out to the north and returning to the river in the vicinity of Littlefield, Arizona.

The rest of his course is clear. Undoubtedly, he followed the river valley (or close to it) down to its junction with the Colorado, passing the salt cave on the way.

Jedediah Smith's Letter to General Clark

[Verbatim copy from original in Office of Indian Affairs, Washington, as published by C. Hart Merriam.]

Little Lake of Bear River.

July 12th, 1827.

Genl. Wm. Clark
Supt. Indian Affairs

Sir.

My situation here, has enabled me to collect information respecting a Section of the country which, to the citizens of the U. States, has hitherto been veiled in obscurity;—I allude to the country S.W. of the **Great Salt Lake**, west of the Rocky Mountains.

I started about the 22nd. of Augt. 1826 from the Great Salt Lake with a party of fifteen men for the purpose of exploring the Country S.W. which was entirely unknown to me, and of which I could collect no satisfactory information from the Indians who inhabit this country on its N.E. borders.

My general course on leaving the Salt Lake, was South-W. & West—passing the Little Uta Lake, and ascending Ashleys River which empties into the **little Uta Lake**: from this, I found no more sign of Buffalo—there are a few Antelop & Mountain Sheep and an abundance of **Black-tailed Hares**. On Ashleys river, I found a Nation of Indians who call themselves **Sampatch**.—they were friendly disposed towards us. I passed over a range of Mountains running S.E. & N.W. and struck a river running S.W. which I called **Adams' River**, in Compliment to our **President**. The water is of a muddy cast, & is a little brackish—the country is mountainous to the East—towards the West, there are Sandy Plains, and detached Rockey Hills. Passing down this river some distance, I fell in with a Nation of Indians, who call themselves **Pa Ulches**. these Indians, as well as those last mentioned, wear rabbit Skin robes.—who raise some little Corn. & Pumpkins. the Country is nearly destitute of Game of any description except a few Hares here (about 10 days march down it) the river turns to the South east. On the S. W. side of the river there is a **Cave** the entrance of which is about 10 or 15 feet high & 5 or 6 feet in width—after descending about 15 feet, the room opens out from 25 to 30 feet in length & 15 to 20 feet in width. The roof, sides, & floor are Solid Rock Salt—a sample of which, I send you, with some other articles which will be hereafter described. I have found a kind of plant of the Prickly Pear kind, which I called the Cabbage Pear.—the largest of which grow about 2½ feet high & 1½ feet in diameter. Upon examination, I found it to be nearly of the substance of a Turnip, altho' by no means palatable.—its form was similar to that of an

Egg—being smaller at the ground & top, than in the middle.—it is covered with Pricks, similar to the Prickly Pear, with which you are acquainted.

There are here also, a number of shrubs & small trees with which I was not acquainted previous to my route there, and which I cannot at present describe satisfactorily, as it would take more space, than I can here allot.

The **Pa Ulches** have a number of marble pipes, one of which I obtained & Send you—altho' it has been broken since I have had it in my possession—they told me there was a quantity of the same material in their country.—I also obtained of them, a Knife of **Flint** which I send you, but it has likewise been broken by accident.

I followed Adams' River 2 days further, to where it empties, into the Seeds Keeden, a southeast course.—I crossed the Seeds Keeden and went down it four days, a South Course. I here found the country remarkably barren, rocky & mountainous—there are a good many rapids in the river. About at this place a Valley opens out, about 5 to 15 miles in width, which on the river banks is Timbered and fertile. I here found a Nation of Indians who call themselves Am-muchabas.—they cultivate the Soil, and raise Corn, Beans, Pumpkins, Water & Muskmellons in abundance, and also a little Wheat & Cotton. I was now nearly destitute of horses, and had learned what it was to do without food. I therefore remained there fifteen days and recruited my men, and I was enabled also to exchange my horses & purchase a few more of a few runaway Indians who stole some horses of the Spaniards—I have got information of the Spanish country, (The Californias) and obtained two guides, recrossed the **Seeds Keeden** which I afterwards found emptied into the gulph of California, about 80 miles from this place by the name of the **Collorado** [words erased] the river **Gila** from the east.—I travelled a West course, fifteen days over a Country of complete Barrens.—generally travelling from morning untill night without water. I crossed a Salt Plane, about 20 miles long & 8 wide [now known as **Soda Lake** or the **Sink of the Mohave**], on the surface was a crust of beautiful fine white Salt, quite thin.—under the surface there is a Layer of salt from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in depth, between this & the upper layer, there is about 4 inches of Yellowish sand.

On my arrival in the Province of upper California, I was looked upon with surprise, & was compelled to appear in presence of the Governor of the Californias, residing at Sn. Diego,—where by the assistance of some American gentlemen, (especially Capt. B. H. Cunningham of the **Ship Courier**, from **Boston**, I

was enable to obtain permission to return with my men, the route I came, and purchase such supplies as I stood in need of.—The Governor would not allow me to travel up the Sea coats to **Bodago**. I returned to my party and purchased such articles as were necessary, & went eastward of the Spanish settlements, on the route I had come in. I then steered my course N.W.—keeping from 150 to 200 miles from the Sea coast—a very high range of mountains being on the east. After travelling 300 miles in that direction, through a country somewhat fertile, in which there was a great many Indians mostly naked, and destitute of arms, with the exception of **Bows & Arrows**, and what is very singular among Indians the cut their hair to the length of 3 inches—they proved to be friendly.—their manner of living is on fish, roots, acors & grass.

On my arrival at a River [Kings River] which I called the **Wimmel-che**, (named after a Tribe of Indians who reside on it of that name) I found a few Beaver.—& Elk, Deer & antelope in abundance. I here made a small hunt, and attempted to take my party across the [mountain] which I before mentioned, & which I called **Mount Joseph**, to come on & join my Partners at the Great Salt Lake.—I found the Snow so deep on Mount Joseph, that I could not cross my horses,—five of which starved to death. I was compelled therefore to return to the Valley which I had left. And there leaving my party, I started with two men, seven horses & 2 mules, which I loaded with hay for the horses & provisions for ourselves, and Started on the 20th of May & succeeded in crossing it in 8 days—having lost only two horses & 1 mule. I found the snow on the top of this mountain from 4 to 8 feet deep but it was so consolidated by the heat of the sun, that my horses only sunk from $\frac{1}{2}$ foot to one foot deep.

After travelling 20 days from the East side of **Mount Joseph**, I struck the S.W. corner of the Great Salt Lake, travelling over a country completely barren, and destitute of Game. We frequently travelled without water sometimes for two days, over sandy deserts, where there was no sign of vegetation. Where we found water in some of the Rocky hills, we most generally found some Indians, who appeared the most miserable of the human race,—having nothing to subsist on (nor any clothing) except grass seed, Grass-hoppers &c.

When we arrived at the Salt Lake, we had but one horse & one mule remaining, which were so poor, that they could scarce carry the little camp-equipage which I had along.—the balance of my horses, I was compelled to eat as the gave out. The

Compy are now starting; therefore must close this Communication.

Yours respectfully

JEDEDIAH SMITH, of the
firm of Smith, Jackson & Sublette.

[The spelling, capitalization and punctuation of the original have been faithfully followed. But it should be explained that at the end of the sentences and clauses there occurs a short stroke resembling an abbreviated dash, which is here rendered by a dash.]

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JOHN W. HESS, WITH THE MORMON BATTALION*

I was born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, August 24, 1824. In 1832 my father moved to Richland county, Ohio, and located on a piece of heavy timber land, cleared the ground, and opened a small farm, and the prospects for a better living were quite flattering, considering the many difficulties consequent to a new country.

In March 1834, my father, mother, three eldest sisters, and myself were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; previous to this we lived in peace with our neighbors, but soon after we were baptized our neighbors began to speak evil of, and persecute us in various ways.

About May 1, 1836, my father and his family moved to the State of Missouri and settled in Ray County of that State, near Pomeroy's Ferry, of Richmond Landing, on the Missouri River, where we lived on a farm which we rented of John Arbuckle, until the expulsion of the Saints from Caldwell County, when with them we removed to the state of Illinois and settled in Hancock County of that State. Here my father again settled on a piece of wild land, and in our extreme poverty we began to open a farm, and after much privation and toil we succeeded in getting a comfortable home.

The many years of labor and hardships that my father had passed through caused his health to fail, and as I was the only boy in the family, the greater part of the labor devolved on me.

In the meantime I had bought forty acres of land for myself, and had made some improvement during the fall of 1844, and during the spring and summer of 1845 I was putting up a hewed log house, while the mob were burning the Saints' possessions in Morley's Settlement, near Lima, in Hancock County; but I continued to labor with my might until the violence of the mob was so great that we did not feel safe in remaining on our farm longer; so we moved to the city of Nauvoo and occupied a part of the house belonging to Bishop Foutz, my mother's brother. We had left most of our supplies on the farm at Bear Creek, and before we had time to get them away, they were destroyed by the mob, and we were again left almost destitute.

In November 1845 my father was stricken down with a shock of paralysis and lost the use of one side, which rendered him entirely helpless.

(*Extracted from his journal by Miss Wanda Wood, Davis County High School, for the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association, through the courtesy of her grandmother, Mrs. Eliza Hess Wood, Farmington, Utah.)

In the meantime I married Emeline Bigler, who was born in Harrison County, Virginia, August 20, 1824. At this time the word went forth among the people that the Church would leave Nauvoo in the spring. One may well imagine the situation we were in, to start on such a journey, when we had been robbed of nearly all of our substance, and my poor father lying helpless in bed, but it being the only alternative to get away from the fury of the mob, I began to gather up what I had and commenced to get together an outfit, and the best I could do was to rig up two old wagons and two yoke of oxen, one of which was my own personal property. I had arranged one of these wagons with a bed cord for my father to lie upon, as he could not sit up. It took one entire wagon for his convenience, and then it was poor enough. This left one wagon to be drawn by one yoke of oxen to carry the outfit for the entire family—eight in number—while all the family had to walk every step of the way, rain or shine; but notwithstanding all these difficulties, we fixed up the best we could, and on the 3rd day of April, 1846, we started, crossed the Mississippi River and camped on the Iowa side the first night, in a drenching rain.

April 4th we started on the wearisome journey, but with our heavy loads and the incessant rain that continued to fall, our progress was very slow,—the best we could do, we could only travel from five to eight miles per day. As my father occupied one of the wagons, the rest of the family had no shelter only what they could get by crawling under the wagons, and much of the time we were obliged to cut brush to lay on the ground to keep our beds out of the water. Women and children walked through the mud and water and wet grass and waded many of the streams so that their clothes were never dry on them for weeks and months until we reached the place called Mount Pisgah, in the western part of Iowa; here the advance companies of the Pioneers had planted corn and vegetables for the benefit of those who should come afterwards. We concluded to stop at this place for a time as our limited supplies were about exhausted and my father was so much worse that it was impossible to move him any further, so we constructed a temporary shelter of bark which we peeled off from the elm trees that grew in the vicinity; this was about the 15th of June.

Word had gone out that President Young would fit out a company to go to the Rocky Mountains that season to locate a settlement and put in grain the next season for the benefit of themselves and those that would come the following season.

Seeing that I could do nothing where I was, I concluded to take my own team and what I had and go to Council Bluffs, one

hundred and thirty miles distant, where the Church Authorities were then stopping. So I made my father's family as comfortable as I could with the limited facilities I was in possession of, and taking my wife and my own team and little outfit, bade the rest of the family good-bye and started, traveling in Henry W. Miller's company.

We were overtaken one evening about dark by Captain Allen, who was accompanied by a guard of five dragoons, of the regular United States Army, all of whom camped with us for the night. The object of their visit soon became apparent from questions asked them; viz., that they were sent to see if the "Mormon" people could and would respond to a call for five hundred men to help fight the battles of the United States against Mexico. This indeed, was unexpected news; while the people of the state of Illinois had driven us out, and while we were scattered on the prairies of western Iowa with nothing, in many instances, but the canopy of heaven for a covering, to be called on under these circumstances for five hundred of the strength of the camps of Israel, seemed cruel and unjust indeed, but such was the case, notwithstanding.

We arrived at Council Bluffs about the tenth day of July and found that four companies had already been enlisted and organized. I was advised by George A. Smith and others to enlist, and after considering the matter, I concluded to do so, and was enlisted in Company "E," Captain Daniel C. Davis. My wife, Emeline, also enlisted, as the Government had provided for four women to each company of one hundred men to go as laundresses.

I left my team and wagon and little outfit with my brother-in-law, D. A. Miller, to be brought on the next year, as the Government had provided two six-mule-teams to each company. I was solicited to drive one of them and for the comfort and convenience of my wife I consented so to do, and many times I was thankful that I had done so, as these teams had to haul the camp equipage which consisted of tents, tent-poles, camp-kettles, etc., which filled the wagons up to the bows, and the women would have to crawl in as best they could and lie in that position until we would stop to camp, and as I had the management of the loading I could make the situation and comfort of my wife much better; for this and other reasons that I will not mention, I was glad that I was a teamster.

About the 20th of July we took up our line of March for Fort Leavenworth. About this time I heard of the death of my father, which took place the 22nd day of June, 1846, at the place I

had left him, and inasmuch as he could not recover, I was thankful to God that He had relieved him of his suffering, although it was a dark hour for my poor mother, to be left in such a desolate and sickly place without her natural protector, and with four small children and nothing to live on.

In due time we arrived in Fort Leavenworth, where we received our outfit of clothing, provisions, arms and ammunition. We remained here about two weeks, after which we started on our march to Santa Fe, a distance of one thousand miles; a very tedious march, to be performed on foot, much of the distance with very little water or grass, with dry buffalo chips for fuel. We passed over one desert eighty miles across; the only means of carrying water was in canteens holding two quarts each, one of which was carried by each man. A great many of the men gave out by the way and had to be helped in by others, the stronger carrying water back to their comrades.

Finally we reached Santa Fe, but during this time General Kearney was fighting the Mexicans in Upper California, and was about to be overpowered by them, so he sent an express to Santa Fe to have the men of the battalion inspected by the doctor, and all the able-bodied men fitted out and put on a forced march to go to his relief, and all the sick and disabled and all the women to be sent back.

Then came one of the grandest tests of my life, it happened in this wise: I had been a teamster all the way and had proved that I could take good care of a team and was a careful driver, and as Captain Davis had his family with him, and also his own private team, he wanted me to drive it for him, but the intention was to send my wife back with the detachment of sick men; this I could not consent to and retain my manhood. I remonstrated with Capt. Davis, but to no purpose. I could not make any impression on him. I told him I would gladly go and drive the team if he would let my wife go along, but he said there was no room in the wagon; then I told him that I would not go and leave my wife—I would die first! This was a bold assertion for a private to make to his Captain, but the emergency seemed to demand it. There were many others in the command who were in the same situation that I was, who had their wives with them and wanted to go back with them but had not the courage to make a fuss about it.

By this time I had done all that I could with the officers of the Battalion, but they either could not or would not do anything for me, so I resolved to go and see General Doniphan, the Commander of the Post. I asked John Steel to go with me, he being

in the same situation as myself. We went to the Colonel's quarters, found the Orderly at the door, asked permission to see the Colonel, and with our hats under our arms we entered the Colonel's quarters and called his attention to our business. He informed us in a very stern manner that it was reported to him that the men who had women there wanted to go on and let their women go back, and in accordance therewith, provisions had been drawn for the Battalion and for the Detachment, and there could be no change made. I told him that we had not been consulted in the matter; he told us to leave the quarters, gruffly remarking that he had left his wife. I thought I would venture one more remark, which was, "Colonel, I suppose you left your wife with her friends, while we are required to leave ours in an enemy's country in care of a lot of sick, demoralized men." This seemed to touch a sympathetic cord; he called very sharply, "Orderly! Orderly! go up to the command and bring Adjutant George P. Dykes here." I whispered to Steel, "The spell is broken; let's go."

In a short time Adjutant Dykes returned to the Command and climbing upon the top of the hind wheel of a wagon, shouted at the top of his voice: "Oh! Oh! All you men who have wives here can go back with them. I have seen men going about crying enough to melt the heart of a crocodile, so I went to the Colonel and had it arranged. I said, 'You hypocritical liar; you will take the credit that belongs to others.'" This remark he did not hear, but, however, the object was accomplished, and in a short time the Battalion was on the move west, and the Detachment on the move east by northeast.

The Detachment was composed of all the men who had become disabled through the long march which they had performed on foot. Their outfit of teams was composed of given-out, broken-down oxen that had been used in freighting supplies of the Government across the plains and were not fit for any kind of efficient service, so they compared very well with the majority of the men. Our rations, of provisions, were very good in quality, but very short as to quantity, the Post of Santa Fe being very short of provisions at that time. After we had gotten on the move we found we had only three-fourth rations of flour, and everything else in proportion, such as beans, sugar, coffee, pork and rice, with the difficulties mentioned above, together with the fact that we were only allowed the time to reach Fort Bent that a lot of able-bodied men would be allowed to make the same journey in. Our slow traveling soon put us on half-rations, as eight miles per day was the best we could do. We had a lot of beef cattle, but they compared favorably with the rest of the

outfit, so poor that many of them gave out by the way; great economy had to be used by killing the poorest first; the reader can imagine what the quality of the beef was.

As usual, on the march I had charge of a team, but instead of a six-mule-team it was a team of four yoke of poor oxen,—quite a contrast; our progress being so slow that we were put on quarter-rations in order to make them hold out until we should reach Fort Bent. It seemed as if we had gone about as far as we could go, when one morning, after the guard had driven the oxen into camp, it was found that there were thirty head of stray oxen, in the herd, all of them in good condition. Captain Brown gave orders to distribute them in the teams of the Detachment, and with an addition of strength to our teams, we got along fine. About noon, however, there came into our camp two men on horseback inquiring for stray oxen. Capt. Brown told them that if they had any cattle in his company, they could take them out. They replied that each teamster only knew his own team. After examining our teams they claimed and took but four of the thirty stray oxen; this still left us with thirteen yoke of fresh cattle, which we considered a divine interposition of the kind hand of God in our behalf, as it seemed about the only chance for deliverance from starvation.

In due time we reached Fort Bent and exchanged our dilapidated outfit for a new one, with a full supply of rations for the winter which seemed to put an end to all our troubles. We moved up the Arkansas River seventy-five miles to a place then called Pueblo, where we put up houses for the winter. These houses were constructed of cottonwood logs split in halves and the pieces all joined together in the form of a stockade. Here we passed the winter in drilling and hunting and having a good time generally.

It was then about seven months since we had received any pay, so Captain Brown concluded to go to Santa Fe with the pay roll of the Detachment and draw our wages. He took a guard of ten men, of which I was one, with him. We started about the last day of February; had a high range of mountains to cross, called the Ratoon Range; we encountered a great deal of snow, at times we had to tramp the snow for miles so our pack animals could walk over it, but in due time we arrived at Santa Fe. The money was drawn, and we started on our return trip; got back to our quarters at Pueblo about the first of April, and found spring weather. We began at once to prepare for our march.

About the 15th day of April we started due north for Fort Laramie, three hundred miles distant, on the California road.

at which place we expected to find or hear of the Pioneer Company that was expected to fit out and go to find a location for the Saints, but on our way we were met by Amasa Lyman and others who had come from the Pioneers' Camp. This was a happy meeting, and to get news of our loved ones greatly relieved our anxieties, as we then learned that the Camp was ahead of us, led by President Brigham Young, and he led by revelation; so we pushed on with fresh courage and finally struck their trail about two weeks ahead of us. We followed their trail, but did not overtake them as we expected to. The Pioneers reached Salt Lake Valley July 24th, and the Detachment on the 28th, and on the same day we were discharged from the service of the United States, and I became a free man once more.

I feel that the year's service, described above, is one of the noblest and grandest acts of my life, for the reason that Israel was on the altar of sacrifice, and that the "Mormon" Battalion, of which I was a member, went as the "Ram in the Thicket" and Israel was saved.

I was now in a country that was untried, and one thousand miles from where any supplies could be got, with only the outfit of a discharged soldier, which consisted of a small tent, a sheet-iron camp-kettle, a mess pan, two tin plates, two spoons, two knives and forks, a pair of blankets badly worn, two old quilts, ten pounds of flour, and my dear, precious wife, Emeline, who had been with me through all of the trials and hardships and had endured them all without a murmur. God bless her memory; had it not been for her noble spirit to comfort me, I think many times I should have almost despaired because of the gloomy outlook. I concluded a faint heart would not buy a baby a frock, (although we were not blessed with one at that time) and began to get out house logs to put up a shelter for the winter.

I went in partners with Jim Bevin, and put up a whip saw-pit, and began to turn out lumber, and as there was none except what was sawed by hand, I found ready sale for mine as fast as I could make it, which was slow, one hundred feet being all we could turn out in a day. In this way I managed to recruit our indigent circumstances and was able to get a little bread-stuff—corn meal at twelve and a half cents per pound and flour at twenty-five cents per pound.

We got along all right during the winter. In the spring we moved out on Mill-creek, and I began to put in what seed grain I had, which was very limited; this of course cut off the bread supply. Then began our want of food; through the winter we dug what we called "Thistle-roots," but by this time they

began to leaf out, which spoiled the root. We then resorted to tops, gathering and cooking them in salt and water; this with some buttermilk* (which I begged of Jim Brinkerhoof and carried one and a half miles), was all we had to eat for two months.

During this time another very discouraging circumstance took place; the crickets made their appearance in countless numbers and attacked our grain crops. We fought them until we found that we were about overpowered, when, very providentially, the sea gulls came and completely devoured the crickets, so the balance of our crops matured and our pending starvation was averted.

On the 9th day of September, 1848, I started back to Council Bluffs after my mother and her children (whom I had left at Pisgah), as they had no means to come out with. I arrived at Council Bluffs on the 2nd day of November, rested a few days, and then continued my journey to Pisgah, one hundred and thirty miles distant, where I found my mother and her family all alive and well. It was a joyful meeting. I stopped with them a few days to arrange for the move in the spring, then went back to the "Bluffs" to try to get work for the winter, as I was very short of means to accomplish so great an undertaking. I engaged to work for Apostle Orson Hyde for twenty dollars a month. I worked one month, and then the weather got so severe that outdoor work stopped, and I was out of employment the rest of the winter.

In the spring I took all the means I had and bought with it a wagon and a yoke of oxen, hitched them up and went down to Pisgah to bring mother's family as far as the "Bluffs," not knowing where the rest of the outfit would come from; but another interposition of kind Providence—When I got back I found the country swarming with emigrants on their way to the gold fields of California. On finding that I had come over the road, they hired me for guide, giving me two hundred dollars in cash in advance. This was truly a blessing from the Lord that I had not thought of. I was now enabled to get the rest of my outfit.

About the 15th of April, 1849, we started, but a difficulty soon made its appearance in that my emigrant friends had not thought of,—they had horse teams with light loads, while I had an ox team with a heavy load, so that I could not travel as fast or as far in a day as they could. They would put me in the lead, and I would urge my team on and make as far as I could to try to give them satisfaction. I kept this up until they saw that my oxen began to fail and would soon give out, then they went on and left me. They served me a trick that the devil

never did, and I felt quite relieved, as I could then travel to suit myself, which I did, taking time to hunt the best feed, and my team soon began to recruit.

On the 27th of July I again arrived in Salt Lake Valley, having accomplished one more magnanimous act by bringing my dear mother and her four children to the home of the Saints. I found my dear wife Emeline well, and with her first child in her arms, which had been born January 6, 1848, while I was away. This was indeed a happy meeting, I having been absent about eleven months.

While I was away, the land I had the year before was given to other parties, so I went north to a place afterwards called Farmington, and located there. In the meantime, Daniel A. Miller came out and brought my team and wagon with its contents, which I left two years before with him when I went into the Battalion. With this, and the outfit which I had brought with me, I felt quite well fixed to what I had been.

As it was the council for the people to settle close together for mutual protection, I could only get twenty acres of land; bought more afterwards, as opportunity would afford.

In March 1855, I was ordained a Bishop by President Brigham Young, and set apart to preside over the Farmington Ward, and presided over said ward twenty-seven successive years.

FOSSILS OF THE ORDOVICIAN TIME PERIOD, AT IBEX, UTAH

As told by the Fossils themselves to Frank Beckwith, Sr.

In the January, 1931 number of this publication, I spoke of a field of Cambrian fossils in the House Range about forty-five miles from Delta, and distant from us in time in terms of tens of millions of years; the photo heading this article is of a group of fossils on a lime slab found in the southern tip of the Confusion Range, forty-five miles farther away, but 15,000,000 years nearer to us in time!



—Photo by Frank Beckwith.

FOSSIL SLAB TAKEN FROM THE DEPOSIT AT SMOOTH CANYON, NEAR IBEX, UTAH, AND DEPOSITED WITH THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, IN WASHINGTON, D. C., LARGELY AS A RESULT OF WHICH MR. BECKWITH WAS ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE PALEONTOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

Enter the Cephalopod

The trilobite was master of Middle Cambrian seas merely because there was no foe worthy to contest supremacy with him; he dominated for lack of any creature to oppose his sway, better fitted in the struggle for life, or provided with better tools to kill than was he.

But in the very next time period, the Ordovician, a creature is evolving with greater mobility, long tentacles to seize and hold its prey, and mouth parts fitted with jaws—which John Trilobite had not. This new creature was quicker to move; and he had a voracious appetite—mainly at John's expense. Such a competitor began to evolve out of life's great changing stream. At first, scarce holding his own, slowly, surely he rose, displaced the former monarch of the deep, and became its sovereign. This adaptive creature started out in ordinary size, of which I find his fossilized form no larger than a fountain pen; but with the passing of time the species becomes several feet in length, strong, masterful, predacious, and ruler by right.

This creature was the Cephalopod. He began in Ordovician time, and before the close of that period, was acknowledged master, in turn later to give sway to the even more mobile fishes, who, surviving down to now, are virtual rulers of the deep. The nearest living form of present time to the Cephalopod of ancient Ordovician time, when the Pacific Ocean immersed Utah, is the Chambered Nautilus, which inspired Oliver Wendell Holmes to write:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

At Ibex, in the south tip of the Confusion Range, and at Crystal Peak, twelve miles further south in the Wah Wah Mountains, are fields of fossils of the Ordovician period, replete with the life of that time.

We find in either place what goes by the local appellation of "a Petrified Eel." The proper technical word is "a siphuncle of a Cephalopod."

The Cephalopod (Greek words meaning head footed, for it bears its feet or arms upon its head) had an exterior shell; as it grew, it simply built itself a bigger room—"a mansion more vast," and stepped into it to live, and left its "low-vaulted past"

trailing behind it as a partly empty shell; but, to keep that shell alive, and at times fill it with a buoyant gas so that its cumbrous weight would not too greatly handicap the animal, a whip-like cord extended from the body back to the innermost recess of that vacated shell, called a "siphuncle," because it had a flow system, something of the order of a siphon. This long, slender, black, whip-like "siphuncle" is the part that most often fossilizes, and this looks exactly like a section of a snake or eel, turned into stone, hence justifying the local appellation,—“a petrified eel.”

These fragments, excellently preserved, are found varying in diameter from an inch to two and half inches, and nearly three feet in length, down to those wee ones no larger than a fountain pen. The appearance is very closely that of a snake or eel done in stone.

Species of Cephalopods are Endoceras and Orthoceras, besides other technical names.

Let me add, at this time, that when first evolved, the Cephalopod had a straight shell, more or less clumsily sticking out behind; but later, nature adroitly curled the shell, resulting in giving the creature more mobility, and within the range of its capabilities, mastery of the sea. It was beaten in the strife by the flashing fish—but that is not of this time.

Associated Fauna

Life was abundant at that time. The Ordovician period saw great masses of sea weeds, which fossilize exactly like a tumbled, jumbled mass of stiff macaroni stems, fallen in utmost confusion.

And the ever-present Brachiopod, who began in earliest Cambrian time—he was there. So well protected is he in his shell, and so “balanced” that he has survived even to the present day, almost identical in form with that ancient period.

I took Dr. Charles E. Resser, of the U. S. National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution, and his guest Dr. R. Endo, a Japanese teacher of geology, then on a world tour and a guest of our government, to these two fields in July, 1930. Our party found *Pliomera trilobites*, *Bathyriscus trilobites*, *Bryozoa* (branched and massive), Cephalopods in all sizes and many species, Fucoids (sea weed-like forms), Ostracods (like tiny little oysters), Pelecypods, tinier still, even to minuteness of size; sponges, of which the wonderful *Receptaculite* is a member; Graptolite colonies were found, too; even an under lip, an *Hypostoma* of the *Pliomera trilobite*, was found by Dr. Resser. All these forms of life were contemporaneous with the Cephalopod.

One other interesting fact of the Cephalopod is that it is thought to have had an inner sac of strong muscular tissue, capable of holding a quantity of water, which these strong muscles could suddenly eject, thus forcing the animal backward with a suddenness baffling to an enemy, much as the squid or cuttle fish is now provided by nature.

"The Shrinking Violet" Trilobite

It is too bad when any of our friends gets an obsession, an inferiority complex, impelling the victim to want to efface himself from the scenery, remove beyond the horizon, or bury himself out of sight. Such a disposition wins one the name of being "a shrinking violet."

There was a trilobite in Ordovician time which was just that. He was so modest, so unassuming, so shrinking that he tried always to burrow out of sight—we simply see his hinder parts out of the mud. We see five pairs (always five pairs, which distinguishes this species) of segments and an end much like a spider's, draped with what would pass at a glance as legs. That tail end, with its five pair of markers, is oftenest all we do see of this trilobite. Whether this creature was a "mud burrower,"—whether excess modesty affected it,—or whether its inferiority complex "got it down" in the mud, I really can't say; or whether it simply broke in two at that point; but I can most naturally think of it as "the shrinking violet" trilobite.

The name of this retiring creature is *Pliomera*. The head, or rather, the glabella of the head, is deeply serrated;—one distinguishing feature. So seldom is that head seen, when one is found it is highly prized. Dr. Endo found one on this trip. In four years of intensive collecting, I am still searching for a head.

On the photograph accompanying this article several forms of the rear end of *Pliomera* trilobites will be readily distinguished. There are five forms of ancient fossilized life on that one slab, which was so highly prized that it is now on exhibit in the halls of the U. S. National Museum, with a card acknowledging me as the donor.

"The Mushroom with the Engine-Turned Face"

You all know what the term "engine-turned" means, when applied to a watch case—that beautiful, outwardly traveling spiral, starting from a central boss, and geometrically winding itself in a pretty spiral to the perimeter, regular, leaving little

elevations in geometry system—a perfect figure, and so tasteful as a decoration for a watch case that it was very popular in the last generation among gentlemen of quality.

A fossil of this period looks exactly like that. The same spiral, the same beauty—a most fascinating fossil form of life.

This creature is called a Receptaculite, which by some authors is classed as a coral, and is even named in one text book, "the sunflower coral," because its face or top looks exactly like the seed pod of a sunflower gone to seed.

It may have grown on a short peduncle, or, it may have been fast to the bottom directly, without the intervention of a stem or stalk. It was a colony form of life, and the Smithsonian Institution says it is a species of sponge. There is no ancient form of life of prettier pattern, more interesting in its baffling, enigmatical manner of life, or which leads one into such diverse fields of romance and speculation, as does the beautiful "Mushroom with the Engine-Turned Face."

A Thousand Stories for a Thousand Occasions

My trip with Dr. Resser and Dr. Endo, included a visit to Antelope Springs, in the House Range, directly west of Delta about fifty miles. Thence southward over a sheep road to Marjum Pass. In this field, all the fossils are Cambrian—very ancient, and practically the first form of differentiated life, to leave an abundant fossil record.

From there we went southwest forty miles to Ibex, in the south tip of the Confusion Range, and onward still farther to Crystal Peak,—a volcanic mud-ash intrusion, as white as chalk, and standing out in its somber setting of dull cedars and dark lime like a sore thumb tied up in a white rag. Crystal Peak may be seen, in favorable atmospheric conditions, from the dugway mounting Cove Fort Pass—a distance of 117 miles in an air line. It may be seen at closer range from the flat a few miles south of Black Rock on the auto road. It is named on Gilbert's map of old Lake Bonneville as the "White Cone."

The History of the Place

After the trio of us had emerged from the pass, which cleft the mountain in twain at Crystal Peak, each lugging a load of fossils, we lunched. Between mouthfuls I recited the history of the place to my companions:

"Doctor Resser, that road we were on a short time ago, is the very road on which Nicholas Paul met his death in 1901. He was going from Holden to Garrison, straight across as the old road did in those days. It is presumed he stopped for the noon hour, to rest and feed his horse, take a little siesta, and when refreshed, proceed. It is thought he tied his horse to the wheel, ensconced himself comfortably under the little top of the one-horse buggy, and in its meager shade ate his lunch, and then settled down for a nap. Flies, uneasiness—any cause in fact—made the horse throw his head, or rub his nose, and he was LOOSE! The animal started to walk away. The old man awoke with a start, and bareheaded, sped after the horse. As he approached, it quickened its pace, and left him behind in the heat of a blazing summer day, only to slow down a short distance off, and entice him to another hurried pursuit.

"Bareheaded, in a pitiless July sun, on a dangerous desert—

"They found his remains next January, when, with the snows for moisture sheepmen could stay in the region for weeks, grazing their herds. A shepherd ran across his corpse.

"His family were prepared for the surety of his death, for when the event occurred, a horse, harnessed lightly, was picked up on the range, identified as Paul's, and they knew. But heat, fierceness of sun, and danger, drove them out from more than a hurried search, unavailing.

"And farther away from where we stand, more toward the Sand Pass of the Wah Wahs, in which he was prospecting, the bodies of Ezra W. Penney and his son George, were found eight years after one of the cruelest, most wanton murders ever perpetrated in Millard County. The murder occurred in 1898; the bodies were not found until 1905.

"Penney was a prospector. He had a little indication of antimony just over the range on the west side of the Wah Wahs. He had camped on his way thither from his home in Kanosh, at Wah Wah Springs. Two men and a woman camped just above him on the hillside, keeping him and son in surveillance; when Penney and son left there to go to their "prospect," this trio trailed them, slew them, took the wagon to pieces, and tucked the dismantled parts in crevices in the rocks; and then, taking a shawl found among the effects of the Penneys, they wrapped the two corpses in it, and lodged the evidence of the foul deed in the most obscure cleft they could find in that lonely spot.

"Eight years later, a sheep man found the parts of the hidden wagon; it brought to mind the disappearance of the Penneys and

he made an intensive search, resulting in finding two skeletons, one of which had four upper teeth bridged over in gold, which identified it positively as that of the father, Ezra W. Penney. And Mrs. Penney further identified the pattern and texture of the shawl, portions of which had escaped disintegration.

"We are standing, Dr. Resser, where a vulture poised above us, could volplane down to the scene of either death."

As I finished Doctor Endo said:

"Mr. Beckwith, I thank you for historical data, to enliven our uneventful business of gathering fossils; your recital keeps interest at a high pitch and adds an historical side to an otherwise prosaic task. I, too, have dangers besetting my study of geology."

"What do you mean, Doctor? How is your work dangerous?"

"I live in that area of Manchuria which is infested by Chinese bandits, who actually siezed my predecessor in office, held him for ransom, and eventually killed him. When in the field, I must not myself head a party, or in any manner indicate my own prominence, or I court capture. When I go upon a geologic trip, I dress as a coolie, disperse my retinue widely so as not to attract attention, and in no manner tempt the activities of a bandit group. I even put up no tents, trusting that my person, or possessions will not excite the cupidity of robber, kidnapper, or bandit."

UTAH FOOD SUPPLIES SOLD TO THE PIONEER SETTLERS OF COLORADO

LeRoy R. Hafen

Historian and Custodian State Historical Society and Museum, Denver

Within a decade after the beginning of settlement in Utah a surplus of agricultural crops was being produced. But California, Oregon, and New Mexico, the nearest settled areas, were separated from the Mormon settlements in Utah by hundreds of miles of deserts and mountains. Hence there was no opportunity for profitable exchange of commodities. When gold was discovered in the "Pike's Peak Region" in 1858-9 and the mad stampede across the plains brought thousands of eager argonauts

to the eastern gulches of the Rocky Mountains, neighbors were brought one step closer. But even now the crest of the continent and more than five hundred miles of precarious road separated the two regions of settlement.

At first, food supplies were freighted westward from the Missouri River or northward from New Mexico to supply the miners and settlers of present Colorado. During 1859 flour sold at \$10.00 to \$20.00 per hundred pounds in Denver, potatoes and onions at twenty-five cents per pound, butter at one dollar, eggs at seventy-five cents per dozen, and other produce in proportion. As news came to Utah of the high prices being paid in the Colorado mining camps, enterprising Utahns determined to send supplies to this new market.

In the late summer of 1860, several trains of supplies set out from Salt Lake City and Provo bound for the Colorado market. It was a long haul by way of Fort Bridger, South Pass, the Sweetwater, North Platte, etc., but in due time the little town of Denver was reached. The miners and business men of present Colorado (then known as "Jefferson Territory") were surprised but gratified to see supply trains from Utah pull in to the Denver market. The **Rocky Mountain News** of Denver on October 5, 1860, comments thus:

"There arrived yesterday a vast quantity of fresh eggs, butter, a large quantity of onions, barley, oats, etc., only fifteen days from the city of the Saints . . . We hear also of twelve thousand sacks of Utah flour now on the road; five thousand bushels of corn, a large quantity of barley, onions, etc., now en-route for this city in the trains of Miller, Russell and Company. This is a new unexpected branch of trade. Nobody here dreamed of any supply of provisions coming from the west. The fact that the army supplies for Camp Floyd are still transported from the Missouri River, even the corn and oats that is fed to stock, being hauled from western Missouri and Iowa, makes it seem strange that Utah is now able to ship thousands of sacks of flour eastward to this country. The Mormons must be prospering, and Uncle Sam must be very shortsighted, or some of his agents are great rascals. We are assured that this flour that is coming is equal in quality to the best superfine from the states."

On October 10th the same Denver paper records the arrival of the train of Mr. Chrisman from Salt Lake City, with ten or twelve wagons loaded with flour, etc. The next day the two trains of Miller, Russel & Co. which had left Provo August 28th arrived in Denver. Each train included twenty-six wagons, the freight consisting largely of oats and flour. Before the arrival

of these Utah supplies, flour had been selling at \$15.00 per hundred, but the large Utah shipments over-stocked the market and flour dropped to \$8.00.

The following year (1861) saw a continued exportation of food supplies from Utah to Colorado and the supply was so great that prices dropped to new low levels. Flour sold in Denver for \$5.00 and \$6.00 per hundred pounds in the summer of 1861, a price that was scarcely more than the cost of freight from Salt Lake City or from the Missouri River to Colorado. But the flour price recovered and supplies continued to be sent from Utah to Colorado. Lieut. Caspar Collins, who was stationed to guard the road along the upper North Platte from Indian attacks, records the passing of Utah freight trains bound for Colorado camps with food supplies in 1862.¹

Irrigation methods and results in Utah came to be looked upon by Coloradoans as examples to follow. The development of farming in Colorado was slow, and only gradually did production approach the demand. In fruit growing especially was the Utah success pointed to as a worthy pattern. For example, when Brigham Young sent some grapes and peaches as a present to Maj. Ed. Wynkoop at Denver the **Commonwealth** (Denver) exclaims: "The fruit was nice—we have never tasted finer. And why shouldn't we have it in Colorado as well as in Salt Lake! Yes, why?"

The suggestion, however, was not quickly responded to. In 1864 when Father Raverdy came on a mission from Colorado to Utah he sent a box of fresh peaches back to Bishop Machebeuf at Denver. The express charges by stagecoach were \$60. "To reimburse himself for the cost of transportation, Father Machebeuf hit upon the idea of offering a number of peaches for sale at the seemingly extraordinary price of one dollar each. But peaches were an extraordinary fruit just then, and he had no difficulty in disposing of a sufficient number at that price to pay the cost of carriage and he had enough left for an abundant treat for himself and the Sisters and pupils of St. Mary's Academy."²

ARRIVAL FROM PIKE'S PEAK—Mr. Crisman's train of eleven mule wagons, freighted with merchandize for some of the mercantile firms in this city, arrived from Pike's Peak (Denver) on Monday last, having been only about two months in making the trip from this city to the Peak and back.

—The Deseret News, November 7, 1860.

1. Letter from Sweetwater Bridge, June 16, 1862, reproduced in Agnes W. Spring's Casper Collins, 118.

2. W. J. Howlett, *Life of the Right Reverend Joseph P. Machebeuf*, 322.

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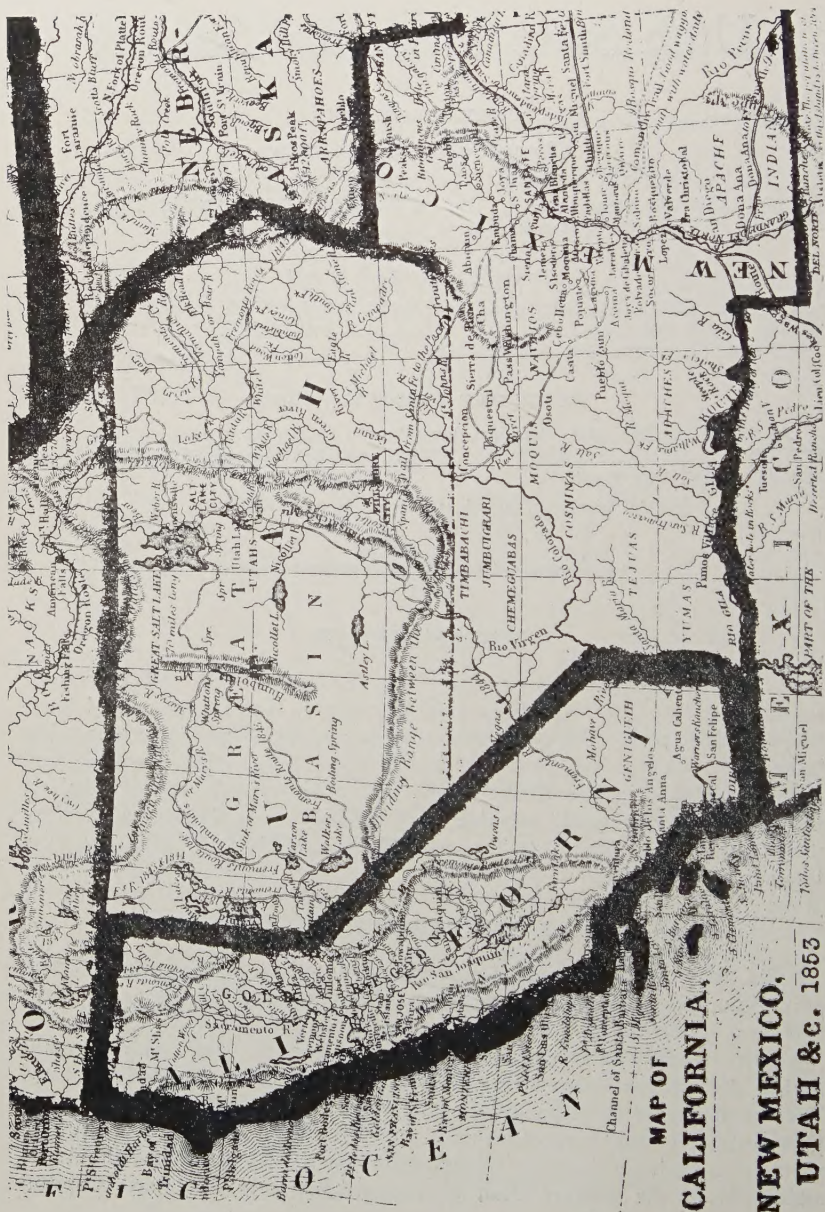
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Lt. Col. Cooke's (Mormon Battalion) Wagon Route.